

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL; DO WRONG TO NONE; BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

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BOSTON.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In gude auld times when bonny lasses
In farthingales did go to masstes,
When ringlets hung about their necks
In native coo's, and antic freaks,
Ere love was ever taught to smother
The flame that's burning for another,
Ere modern dames of wild caprices
To daughters taught, and maids and misses
The art of love—dissimulation,
And tortured bodies into fashion,
Or lash'd the flesh and soul together
With thong of whale-bone, busk or leather ;
For fear the heart in wandering plight
Might, at some rustic bœuf take flight,
And 'gainst the sides so hard might bounce
As break its prison-house, and flounce
In open air about creation,
And bright the dandies of the nation ;
(What lad could see a lady's heart
Dance in mid air, and wouldn't start?)
Before it was a breach of fashion
For lass to breathe full respiration ;
Then passed the sports of gleeful youth
In all simplicity of truth.
The lips unchained did full impart
The sex impressions of the heart,
The sexes gamboled, chirped and chattered,
Ogled, winked, and smiled, and flattered.
They moved the dance and cracked the joke,
And spoke as Eve to Adam spoke.
False modesty in crimson blushes
Never tinged the artless cheek with blushes.
No artful dame, no wily maid.
Their subtle toils for lovers laid :
Now act the beau—and this the token,
In action brought for promise broken,
To prove your faith and vows are plighted,
And order Misses' wrongs be righted.
Return the smile—enough to prove
That you are wofully in love :
Now crack a joke—the tale will spread
That loves' delusions craze your head :
Tell Miss she'll bright—your doom is sealed,
The marriage contract you've revealed :
Of raptures speak that ne'er were felt—
At Hymen's shrine, she'll swear you've knelt :
Even drink her health—if not allied,
"I'm fixed"—she's doomed your lawful bride :
Resist her charms—eternal woe
She'll heap upon your heart of snow :
Villain she'll cry ; what ! wrench away
The rainbow of life's brightest day !
Domestic love which I was fancying,
In airy phantoms, now is dancing ;
My fancied joys—Hymenial bliss
With all my boasted happiness,
A phantom to divide my sorrow,
A banquet-house, to bliss the mortor,
Will never have existence, never,
And I must dance coquette forever.
If thus you'll be the maiden's curse,
Bestow your heart, or dowsse your purse ;
Footless to me.—A silver plaster
Is antidote in such disaster ;
A verdict of a thousand pounds
Will cure a lover's deepest wounds ;
A half-a-dozen verdicts more,
Such wounds as often will heal o'er ;
Juries well know what healing art
Restores a lady's broken heart.

TEASEL THORNBUSH.

From the Savannah Georgian.

MASTER MASON'S HYMN.

Composed by brother John H. Sheppard, Master of Lincoln Lodge.

TUNE—GERMAN HYMN.

Ah ! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem ;
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where *Casta marks the spot* !

Tho' poor he was, with Kings he trod ;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God ;
Ah ! when shall those restore again,
The broken link of friendship's chain ?

Behold ! where mourning heavily bent,
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there,
The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future Sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands As ! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
I'll tell thee shall meet, who form'd like them,
The GRAND LOVE at Jerusalem !

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Noting, are they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday.

Life's little lines, how short, how faint !
How fast they fade away !

Its highest hopes, its brightest joys
Are compassed in a day.

Youth's bright, and mild, and morning light,
Its sunshine, and its showers ;

Its hope's and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless happy hours :

And manhood's high and brightened noon,
Its honors, dangers, cares ;

The parent's pains, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious pray'r,

Fade, in old age's ev'ning gray,
The twilight of the mind ;
Then, sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief ;
Its joys for ev'ry age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Love, friendships, strew the way,
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May :

And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all beside are dead.

And faith, with pure, unwav'ring eye,
Can pierce the gathered gloom ;
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight ;

Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

[Songs by the way.]

MONITOR.

FROM THE MAINE INQUIRER.

Mr. EATON.—By inserting in your paper the following Sermon, on "The duties of Children," delivered in Boston, April 12, 1807, by Rev. W. E. Channing, you will gratify one who has read it many times with the greatest pleasure, and who would recommend it to the attention of parents and children. I would earnestly recommend to young persons to read it several times attentively, and endeavor to treasure up and practice the precept it contains.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

EREMITES vi. 1, 2.—Children obey your parents in the Lord : for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

From these words I propose to point out the duties of children to their parents. My young friends, let me ask your serious attention. I wish to explain to you the honor and obedience which you are required to render your parents ; and to impress you with the importance, excellence, and happiness of this temper and conduct.

It will be observed, in the progress of this discourse that I have chiefly in view the youngest part of my hearers : But I would not on this account be supposed to intimate, that those who have reached more advanced periods of life, are exempted from the obligation of honoring their parents. However old we may be, we should never forget that tenderness, which watched over our infancy, which listened to our cries before we could articulate our wants, and was never weary with ministering to our comfort and enjoyment. There is scarcely any thing more interesting than to see the man retaining the respect and gratitude, which belong to the child ; than to see persons, who have come forward into life, remembering with affection the guides and friends of their youth, and laboring by their kind and respectful attention to cheer the declining years, and support the trembling infirmities of those, whose best days were spent in solitude and exertion for their happiness and improvement. He who suffers any objects or pursuits to shut out a parent from his heart, who becomes so weaned from the breast which nourished and the arms which cherished him, as coldly to forsake a parent's dwelling, and neglect a parent's comfort, not only renounces the dictates of religion and morality, but deserves to be cast out from society, as a stranger to the common sensibilities of human nature.

In the observations I am now to make, all who have parents should feel an interest ; for some remarks will apply to all. But I shall principally confine myself to those, who are so young as to depend on the care and to live under the eye of their parents ; who surround a parent's table, dwell beneath a parent's roof, and hear continually a parent's voice. To such the text addresses itself, "Honor and obey your father and mother."

I shall now attempt to explain and enforce what is here required of you.

First, you are required to venerate and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, that you conduct with modesty, that you respect the superior age and wisdom and improvements of your parents, and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming in you, nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than froward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children, and I wish I could say there are only a few, who speak to their parents with rudeness, &ow sulken and angry looks, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them ; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up everything to your wishes ; but study to give up every thing to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten ; but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse and stubborn, you will be uneasy yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make home a place of contention, noise and anger ; and your best friends will have reason to wish you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and obnoxious to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Children, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honor your father and mother. Ever clinging to them with confidence and love. Be to them an honor, an ornament, a source, and a support. Be more than they expect, and if possible be all that they desire. To you they are now looking with an affection which trembles for your safety. So live, that their eyes may ever fix on you with beams of hope and joy. So live, that the recollection of you may stay the their last hours. May you now walk by their side on the steps of the holy Saviour and through his grace may you meet again in a better and happier world.

sluggish, and often profligate lives. My young friends, you should be ashamed, after having given your parents so much pain, to multiply their cares and labors unnecessarily. You should learn, very early, to be active in pleasing them, and active in doing what you can for yourselves. Do not waste all your spirits upon play ; but learn to be useful. Perhaps the time is coming, when your parents will need as much attention from you, as you have from them ; and you should endeavor to form such industrious habits, that you may render their last years as happy, as they have rendered the first years of your existence.

Secondly, You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has indeed, ad it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak, nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth & perished. Observe with attention the infants, which you so often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are ; you were only a burden & a care, ad you had nothing, with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you ? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries ! When you were sick, how tenderly & & they hung over you ! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state ; and what do you now possess, which you have not received from their hands ? God indeed is your great parent, your best friend, and from him every good gift descends ; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort ; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how rarely they have been for you, to forgive you, and to continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude ? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude ? who, instead of requiring his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires ? My young friends, your parents' hearts have ached enough for you already ; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness. Do you ask how you may best express these feelings of respect and gratitude, which have been enjoined ? In answer, I would observe,

Thirdly, That you must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honor and love. Yet how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents ; refusing to comply with absolute commands ; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike ; and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying, because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment. Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God, who has given you parents, that they may control your passions and train you up in the way you should go. Consider how much better they can do for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure ; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations your health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves. Submit then cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe ? Prove then your sense of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require.—When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sulken look, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them ; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up everything to your wishes ; but study to give up every thing to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten ; but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse and stubborn, you will be uneasy yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make home a place of contention, noise and anger ; and your best friends will have reason to wish you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and obnoxious to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Fourthly, You must further express your respect, affection and gratitude by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children, who in early life have been great supports to their sick, poor, and helpless parents. This is the most honorable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves to be unwilling to do anything for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your avariciousness take such hold of your minds, as to make you slothful, backward and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents. Some children seem to think that they have nothing to seek but their own pleasure. They will run from every task which is imposed on them ; and leave their parents to want many comforts, rather than expose themselves to a little trouble. But consider, had they loved you no better than you love them, how wretched would have been your state ! There are some children, who not only refuse to exert themselves for their parents, but add very much to their cares, give them unnecessary trouble, and by carelessness, by wasting, by extravagance, help to keep them in poverty and toil.

Such children, as they grow up, instead of seeking to provide for themselves, generally grow more and more burdensome to their friends, and lead useless, idle lives. That wisdom which leads young people to seek the knowledge and love of God, and to walk in the ways of practical piety, is the principal thing. The happiness it affords should lead them to diligence in seeking it. The thoughtless and dissipated discover no beauty, no loveliness in the way of piety ; although its ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths are peace. The practice of piety conduces to health of body, to peace of mind, to social comfort ; it adds a loveliness, and gives a charm to all the comforts of life ; it is attended with safe and comfortable hopes of heaven ; it soothes the sorrows of sickness, pain and losses ; it extracts the sting of death and banishes the dread of the grave ; it presents the most just and lovely views of the excellencies of the character, the justice of his government, and felicities of his children. Those who walk in this way ... the exercise of faith, prayer, and watchfulness, are enamored of its beauties. They can testify that Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.

FIFTHLY. We hate some persons because we do not know them ; and we will not know them because we hate them.

Trace with a rigid exactness the golden dictates of your own conscience, and thou wilt have no cause to regret ; for by taking council of the heart, we are drawn near the line of duty.—And what can counterbalance the cheering smiles of self-approbation ?

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

INTEMPERANCE.

Thou pest of society and plague of our land,
Thy march is destructive as Arabia's loose sand.
Like a three-edged sword, at one deadly blow,
Health, Property, Character, all are laid low.
Disease is thy doom, thy punishment pain,
And want and disgrace are seen in thy train.
Then who (as says Shakespeare) would be at the pains,
To put in his mouth what will steal out his brains?
Intemperance, dire demon, how long shall we see,
Columbia's bright prospects thus blighted by thee?

DANCING.

*Religion does not censure, or exclude
Unnumbered pastures, harmlessly pursued. Cowper.*

The long expected evening come, the ball
Summons its votaries to their much lov'd hall.
Joy fills each breast, and gladness points the way
Where health and pleasure hold united sway.
Each gaily entering, leaves dull care behind,
Gives spleen and melancholy to the wind.
Mirth waves her magic wand unseen in air,
And bids defiance to the approach of care,
With mystic circle shields her favorite place
From all th' intrusions of his demon race,
Now fond inquiries, cordial greetings, prove
Pledges of friendship, harbingers of love;
And true politeness, unconstrain'd by art,
Bespeaks benevolence in every heart.
Beauty and wit and fashions here display
Their charms to fascinate, their power to sway;
And sprightly conversation, pure, refined,
Pours forth the richest treasures of the mind.

Sweet music, strike an animating strain,
Lead on the winning graces in thy train,
Teach the light-footed band thy skill to know,
Bid them with varied air, now quick, now slow,
Lead down, cast off, join hands, recede, advance,
In all the many movements of the magic dance.

Far hence be envy, jealousy and strife,
Offspring of pride, av'n soe to social life;
Hence let the angry frown of discord cease,
And every smiling feature whisper peace.
Here harmony and sweet affection blend,
Point to one purpose, to one object tend,
Curb the rude passions of the untutor'd soul,
The rough refine, the impetuous controul.
Man, without intercourse, unpolished, rude,
Is still a wilderness, yet unsubdued,
With latent powers of rich luxuriance blest,
But wanting cultivation, full a waste.

Harmless amusement strews life's path with flowers,
Delights its gay, beguiles its tedious hours,
Wakes with mild influence the soul of youth
To virtue, love, sincerity and truth,
Wipes from the cheek of age, his starting tears,
And smooths his passage down the vale of years.

Eastern Chronicle.

THE TEMPEST.

The tempest has darkened the face of the skies,
The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,
The fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise,
And mingle the clouds wif the white foaming main.
All dark is the night, and gloomy the shore,
Save when the red lightnings the ether divide,
Then follows the thunder with loud sounding roar,
And echoes in concert the billowy tide.
But though now all is murky, and shaded with gloom,
Hope, the soother, soft whispers the tempest shall
cease;
Then nature again in her beauty shall bloom,
And enamour'd embrace the fair sweet-smiling
peace.
For the bright blushing morning, all rosy with light,
Shall convey on her wings the creator of day,
He shall drive all the tempests and terrors of night,
And nature enliv'nd again shall be gay.
Then the warblers of spring shall attune the soft lay,
And again the bright flow'ret shall blush in the vale;
On the breast of the ocean soft zephyrs shall play,
And the sun-beam shall sleep on the hill and the
dale.
If the tempest of nature so soon sink to rest,
If her once faded beauties so soon glow again,
Shall man be for ever by tempest oppres'd—
By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?
Ah no! for his passion and sorrow shall cease,
When the trouble-some fever of life shall be o'er;
I. the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.
And shall not this night, and its long dismal gloom
Like the night of the tempest, again pass away?
Yes! the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom
And rise in the morning of heavenly day!

VARIOUS.

From the Christian Examiner.

ON THE WORKS OF GOD.

The Psalmist contemplated the objects which night offered to his view, as the works of God; but with very different thoughts and feelings from those, with which the science of modern times has taught us to regard them. He saw the stars, every where scattered in the depths of heaven, and the moon, moving steadily through her appointed course, as if endued with life and intelligence; and he admired that beneficence, which had displayed before him a scene so beautiful and solemn, and had made such provision for the wants of man, when the light of day is withdrawn. But he had no thought, that what seemed to him the ornamented canopy of the earth, was a universe speaking on every side. He had no conception, that those little points, so many of which manifested themselves only by a faint and interrupted glimmering, were suns, placed at immense distances from us and from each other, pouring forth floods of splendor upon systems of their own. The science of modern times has taught us, that the number of these cannot be defined or estimated. The tract of pale light, which stretches across the sky, appearing like a thin cloud, which the wind might disperse, is the united blaze of myriads of suns. In every portion of the heavens, there are similar clouds of obscure light, which our instruments discover, and resolve in like manner into collections of stars. There are other appearances of the same kind, the particular stars composing which cannot be separately discerned by any power of art. There are collections of suns, systems, some of them probably of vast grandeur, other universes, if one may so speak, which discover themselves to us only by a faint gleam passing over the reflector of a telescope. The distance of those

remoter bodies is so vast and measureless, that we can hardly speak of it except in relation to the inconceivable swiftness of light. The rays by which they are now made visible to the eye of the astronomer, the rapid motion of which might circle the earth while one is pronouncing a syllable, have been darting forward for thousands and ten thousands of years to reach us. All the events and revolutions, which history records, have taken place during the conclusion of their progress. They commenced their career, it has been computed, at a period of such remote antiquity, that compared with it, the date of time, when God gave the earth to man for habitation, is but of yesterday.*

But when we have reached the utmost distance to which the power of our instruments can penetrate, who will say, that we are approaching any limits of the creation? who will say, that, if the disembodied spirits should travel forward through eternity, numberless systems would not be continually spreading before it? All that part of the universe that we are able to discern, is peopled by inhabitants, who have the common want of heat and light; who will say, that there are not other parts of the material universe inhabited by beings of different natures, to whom these wants are unknown? It is only some portion, we know not how small, of the material universe, which is obvious to our senses; who will attempt to define the limits of the invisible world? who will attempt to set bounds to the works of infinite power and infinite goodness?

*Dr. Herschell has calculated that the distance of the remotest of the nebulae, exceeds that of the nearest fixed star at least three hundred thousand times. Upon this fact, he thus remarks: 'A telescope with a power of penetrating into space, like my forty feet one, has also, as it may be called, a power of penetrating into time past. To explain this, we must consider, that from the known velocity of light, it may be proved, that, when we look at Sirius, the rays which enter the eye cannot have been less than six years and four months and a half coming from that star to the observer. Hence it follows, that when we see an object at the calculated distance, at which one of these very remote nebulae, may still be perceived, the rays of light which convey its image to the eye, must have been more than nineteen hundred and ten thousand, that is, almost two millions of years on their way; and that, consequently, so many years ago, this object must already have had an existence in the sidereal heavens, in order to send out those rays by which we now perceive it. See Phil. Trans., for 1800, pp. 83, 85, and for 1802, pp. 498, 499.

From the New England Farmer.

TICKS IN SHEEP.

WEST BOYLSTON, (Mass.) Feb. 20, 1825.

Mr. FRSSENDEK—It is a common thing for sheep to be infested with ticks, which frequently prove very troublesome to them, especially in the spring season of the year. But the pain and vexation which they cause the sheep is not the only evil which they occasion; for the poor animals when grievously annoyed by these obnoxious vermin are almost continually combating their assailants, but instead of overcoming the enemy or effecting any thing more than a momentary relief from their suffering, they gradually pull out and waste their wool and in this way diminish their fleece to the no small loss of the owner.

As great an evil as this may seem to be, the remedy is both simple and easy. Boil a small quantity of tobacco, perhaps what grows on one good thrifty stalk would be enough for half a dozen sheep, in so much water as when it is sufficiently boiled there shall be two or three gallons of liquor; let it become sufficiently cool, then open the wool along the centre of the neck and back of the sheep and with a bunch of tow or some other spongy substance put on the decoction until the skin becomes thoroughly moistened therewith, and in a short time the ticks will all be destroyed, and the sheep, instead of pulling out and wasting their wool, by fruitless exertions of self-defence, will become easy and contented, and suffer their fleece to remain to be taken off by the shears.

For many years I have taken this method with my sheep, just before the time of their lambing and have always found it to have the desired effect. I very much dislike the foolish practice of chewing, snuffing, and smoking the poisonous weed, at least when no better reason can be given for so doing than fashion or the force of habit; yet I annually raise a few plants for the benefit of my sheep, and would recommend to every one who keeps these useful animals to do the same.

Yours, &c. A YEOMAN.

OPPOSITE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.
The common drinks of the Japanese are hot; ours are cold. They uncover their feet out of respect; we the head. They are fond of black teeth; we of white. They mount their horses on the right side; we on the left.

Among the Chinese, white is the color for mourning; a son has no right to wear white clothes while his father and mother live; but he can wear no other for three years after their death. With us, black is the color for mourning. The Chinese use their boots for pockets, putting into them their fans, papers, &c.; the boots are made very wide, and of black satin or leather. We use our coats, &c. The dress of women of the lower classes in China is the same as, or differs but little from, that of the men: with us, no two things are more dissimilar. The Chinese for beauty reduce both eyebrows to one arched line: we let them alone to form two arched lines, and delight in the 'graceful curve.' Long nails are with us a disgrace: with the Chinese, they are an honor. Both men and women of rank in China suffer the nails of the left hand to grow to an extraordinary length, in order to prove their gentility, and to distinguish themselves from laborers and

mechanics. De Guine saw a mandarin whose nail were nearly six inches in length, and a physician who had brought them to ten or twelve inches. The nails are thus kept extremely clear and transparent, and at night are carefully enclosed in bamboo cases. There is another peculiarity of custom among the Chinese, which is said to be universal: they use their left hand in preference to the right.

A Portuguese woman, when she rides, sits with the left side towards the horse's head; and an English woman with the right.

A Portuguese wife never assumes the family name of her husband, but in all the vicissitudes of matrimony retains her own: an English woman always assumes the family name of her husband. The Portuguese are generally addressed by their christian name; we by our family one. In Portugal, the master of the house precedes the visiter in going out: with us, the visiter precedes.

The Italians reckon the commencement of their day from sunset: we from sunrise. Their clocks strike all the hours from one to twenty-four; ours from one to twelve.

The Kamtehatkadas always use dogs for the purposes of labor and travelling: we use horses and oxen.

We use wine and ardent spirits for intoxication; but the Turks opium. We undress and go to bed at some certain hour, and wait the approach of sleep: the Turks, being seated on a mattress, smoke till they find themselves sleepy; then laying themselves down, their servants cover them. Dinner is our principal meal; supper theirs.

In Colombia, South America, a person in easy circumstances is carried on his travels by men, in a chair; and in that country, they talk of going on a man's back, as we mention going on horseback.

In conclusion, I would state what an American writer says, viz: that the Spaniards may be said to sleep upon every affair of importance; the Italians to fiddle upon every thing; the French to dance upon every thing; the Germans to smoke upon every thing; the British Islanders to eat upon every thing; and the Americans to talk upon every thing.

York Recorder.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Catholic Ceremonies.—The celebrated ceremony of opening the Sacred Gate at Rome, was performed with great pomp and solemnity, at the 20th hour, on Christmas eve. His Holiness, with a numerous and splendid retinue, and accompanied by the Swiss Guard, proceeded from the Vatican Palace, and arrived in the vestibule of the Basilica, where he alighted from the seat on which he had been borne, under a splendid canopy, supported by the Apostolic Referendaries, and ascended the throne; Cardinals Caetani and Vidone officiating as deacons: 18 other Cardinals were present.

All the attendants having taken their places, His Holiness received the silver hammer from Cardinal Carigliano, and three times struck the wall of the sacred gate, where the holy cross is delineated, his Holiness singing three verses, to which the pontifical chanters responded. His Holiness having given back the hammer, returned to the throne, and giving the signal, the whole of the sacred gate fell. The Holy Father, after some prayers, placed himself before it, received from the Cardinals (acting as deacons) the cross and the taper and began the Te Deum laudus; and immediately, besides the sound of the bells of all the churches in Rome, which had been ringing for two hours, the signal being given by the trumpets in the portico of the church, the Swiss Guard, and the Artillery of the Castle of St. Angelo, fired a grand salute. The supreme Pontiff then entered first alone, the Sacred Temple, followed by all the Cardinals, two by two; the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates, and Penitentiaries, all bearing lighted tapers, and by the Princess & persons of distinction who were present, who passed the sacred gate as they entered it. His Holiness having seated himself by the altar of the Chapel of Piety, the Knights of St. Peter and St. Paul were introduced, whom he charged to guard the gates of the four Basilicas, and afterwards permitted them to kiss his foot. The sacred ceremony concluded with the triple benediction which the supreme Pontiff bestowed on the immense multitude who crowded that vast church. A vast number of persons of distinction and of every nation attended with great devotion the holy ceremony. Among them were the Dowager Queen of Sardinia, and the two Princesses, her daughters; the Duke of Lucca, with his consort and his sister, the diplomatic body, and many princesses and ladies, both Roman and Foreigners; so that, from the solemn and dignified manner in which the Pope opened the sacred gate, and the devout behaviour of all present, the ceremony was truly pious and august.

The Witty Countryman. A countryman very much marked with the small pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbors had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Follow," said the justice in a pet. "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the small pox or not; but I am sure you have been for study." "Why, and please your honor," replied the man, perhaps I might be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

Slender wife.—Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea college, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from Fulham, he was overtaken by a terrible storm—a tempest arose, and the Doctor crept in with the pall and plumes for his companion. The horse stopped at the door; and his lady looked out; "Who have you got there coachman?" "The doctor, ma'am." "Thank heaven," says she, "he's safe at last." "Thank you, my love," says the doctor (getting out of the carriage), "for your kind anxiety for my safety."

PROBATE NOTICES.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of **ANDREW BARROWS**, late of Hartford, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service, at the school house near Joseph South's, in said Hartford, on Saturday, the 17th day of September next, at nine o'clock A.M.

MOSES SAMPSON, { Commissioners.
HOPESTILL BISBEE, }
March 7, 1825.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of **ELIAS STURTEVANT**, late of Sumner, in said County, Esquire, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months are allowed, from the Twenty-second day of February last, to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that they will attend that service at the dwelling house of Simon Barrett, Jun'r, in Sumner, on the afternoon of the first Monday in May next, the first Monday in June next, and the first Monday in July next, at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

SIMEON BARRETT, Jr. { Commissioners.
EDENEZER BRIGGS, }
Sumner, March 7, 1825.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of Messrs. STEELE & BEAN, in Brownfield, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of April next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, and interest which JONATHAN STORELL, of said Brownfield, is in equity to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the homestead FARM, on which the said Storel now lives, situated in Brownfield aforesaid, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

DANIEL TYLER, Jr. Deputy Sheriff.

Brownfield, March 10, 1825.

FOR SALE.

AT No. 3, Main Row, by the subscriber,
POTASH KETTLES, of a superior quality from the New-Hampshire Factory Company, (at Franconia) which he offers for sale at a fair price and on liberal credit.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

Portland, March 24, 1825.

METHODIST HYMN BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, HYMN BOOKS, used by the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

VARIETY OF BLANKS.

FOR SALE at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of Attorneys' and Justices' BLANKS; Collectors', Administrators', and Sheriffs' DEEDS; BLANKS for town orders, town clerks, &c.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to **GLAZIER & CO.** whose term of credit has expired (except it is for the Oxford Observer,) are requested to make payment without the least possible delay, as all notes and accounts of that description must be collected.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE subscriber requests all persons who are indebted to him, on account of the Carding Machine, lately owned by him, to make immediate payment. Unless all bills are settled by the fifteenth day of April next, they will be left with Mr. Whitman, Esq. for collection.

NATHANIEL BENNETT.

Norway, March 12th, 1825.

DEF'D AND DUMB.

STATE OF MAINE.
Secretary of State's Office, Portland, 7 March, 1825.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, That on Tuesday the fourteenth day of June next, the Governor and Council will designate "such Deaf and Dumb Persons as may appear to be the most proper subjects for education," under the "Resolve for the assistance of the Deaf and Dumb," passed February 25, 1825; and that all applications for the benefit of the appropriation made by said Resolve, must be made in writing to this office, previous to that time:—setting forth the name, age, and residence of the person for whom the application is made; the amount of assistance such person can receive from his or her parents or guardian, or from any other source, together with evidence of such person's capacity to receive instruction.

By order of the Governor and Council:

AMOS NICHOLS,
Secretary of State.

MACHINE CARDS.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, NO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 6, 1825.

Number 40.

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All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

Poetry.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

In gude auld times when bonny lasses
In farthingales did go to masses,
When ringlets hung about their necks
In native c'rs, and autie freaks,
Ere love was ever taught to smother
The flame that's burning for another,
Ere modern dames of wild caprices
To daughters taught, and maidns misses
The art of love—dissimulation,
And tortured bodies into fashion,
Or lashed the flesh and soul together
With thong of whale-bone, busk or leather;
For fear the heart in wandering plight
Might, at some rustic bœu take fright,
And 'gainst the sides so hard might bounce
As break its prison-house, and flounce
In open air about creation,
And frigh't the dandies of the nation;
(What lad could see a lady's heart
Dance in mid air, and wouldn't start?)
Before it was a breach of fashion
For last to breathe full respiration;
Then passed the sports of gleeful youth
In all simplicity of truth.

The lips unchained did full impart
The true impressions of the heart.
The sexes gamboled, chirped and chattered,
Ogled, winked, and smiled, and fluttered.
They moved the dance and cracked the joke,
And spoke as Eve to Adam spake.
False modesty in crimson blushes
Never tinged the artless cheek with blushes.
No artful dame, no wily maid:
Their subtle plots for lovers laid:
Now act the bœu—and this the token,
In action brought for promise broken,
To prove your faith and vows are plighted,
And order Misses' wrongs be righted.
Return the smile—enough to prove
That you are wofully in love:

Now crack a joke—the tale will spread
That loves' delusions craze your head:
Tell Miss she's bright—your doom is sealed,
The marriage contract you've revealed:
Of ruptures speak that ne'er were felt—
At Hyewen's shrine, she'll swear you've knelt:
E'en drink her health—if not allied,
I'm fixed—she's doomed your lawful bride:
Resist her charms—eternal woe!
She'll heap upon your heart of snow:
Villain she'll cry; what! wrench away
The rainbow of life's brightest day!
Domestic love which I was fancying,
In airy phantoms, now is dancing;
My fancied joys—Hymeneal bliss
With all my boasted happiness,
A phantom to divide my sorrow;
A banquet-house, to bliss the mortow;
Will never have existence, never,
And I must dance coquette forever.
If thus you'll be the maiden's curse,
Beatoe your heart, or douse your purse;
Bootless to me.—A silver plaster
Is antidote in such disaster;
A verdict of a thousand pounds
Will cure a lover's deepest wounds;
A halfa dozen verdicts more,
Such wounds as often will heal o'er;
Juries well know what healing art
Restores a lady's broken heart.

TEASEL THORNBUSH.

From the Savannah Georgian.
MASTER MASON'S HYMN.
Composed by brother John H. Sheppard, Master of Lincoln Lodge.

TUNE—GERMAN HYMN.
Ah! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem;
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where Caistic marks the spot!

Tho' poor he was, with Kings he trod;
Tho' great, he humbly knelt to God:
Ah! when shall those restore again,
The broken link of friendship's chain?

Behold! where mourning beauty bent,
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there,
The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future Sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands ATAS! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
I'll ill three shall meet, who form'd like them,
The GRAND LONDÉ at Jerusalem!

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

Noting, ere they pass away,
The little line of yester-day.

Life's little lines, how short, how faint!
How fast they fade away!
His highest hopes, its brightest joys
Are compassed in a day.

Youth's bright, and mild, and morning light,
Its sunshine, and its showers;
Its hope's and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless happy hours;

And manhood's high and brightened noon,
Its honors, dangers, cares;

The parent's pain, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious pray'rs,

Fado, in old age's ev'ning gray,
The twilight of the mind;
Then, sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for ev'ry grief;
Its joys for ev'ry age.

In youth's, in manhood's golden hours,
Loves, friendships, strew the way,
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May:

And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all beside are fled.

And faith, with pure, unwav'ring eye,
Can pierce the gathered gloom;
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours, then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's unfiring flight;
Then shall we rise, from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

[Song by the way.]

MONITOR.

FROM THE MAINE INQUIRER.

Mr. EATON—By inserting in your paper the following Sermon, on "The duties of Children," delivered in Boston, April 12, 1807, by Rev. W. E. Channing, you will gratify one who has read it many times with the greatest pleasure, and who would recommend it to the attention of parents and children. I would earnestly recommend to young persons to read it several times attentively, and endeavor to treasure up and practice the precept it contains.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

EPHESIANS vi. 1, 2.—Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

From these words I propose to point out the duties of children to their parents. My young friends, let me ask your serious attention. I wish to explain to you the honor and obedience which you are required to render your parents; and to impress you with the importance, excellence, and happiness of this temper and conduct.

It will be observed, in the progress of this discourse that I have chiefly in view the youngest part of my hearers: But I would not on this account be supposed to intimate, that those who have reached more advanced periods of life, are exempted from the obligation of honoring their parents. However old we may be, we should never forget that tenderness, which watched over our infancy, which listened to our cries before we could articulate our wants, and was never weary with ministering to our comfort and enjoyment. There is scarcely any thing more interesting than to see the man retaining the respect and gratitude, which belong to the child; that to see persons, who have come forward into life, remembering with affection the guides and friends of their youth, and laboring by their kind and respectful attention to cheer the declining years, and support the trembling infirmities of those, whose best days were spent in solitude and exertion for their happiness and improvement. He who suffers any object or pursuit to shut out a parent from his heart, who becomes so weaned from the breast which nourished and the arms which cherished him, as coldly to forsake a parent's dwelling, and neglect a parent's comfort, not only renounces the dictates of religion and morality, but deserves to be cast out from society, as a stranger to the common sensibilities of human nature.

In the observations I am now to make, all who have parents should feel an interest; for some remarks will apply to all. But I shall principally confine myself to those, who are so young as to depend on the care and to live under the eye of their parents: who surround a parent's table, dwell beneath a parent's roof, and hear continually a parent's voice. To such the text addresses itself, "Honor and obey your father and mother."

I shall now attempt to explain and enforce what is here required of you.

First, you are required to view and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, that you conduct with modesty, that you respect the superior age and wisdom and improvements of your parents, and observe towards them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbending in you, nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than forward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents. There are children, and I wish I could say there are only a few, who speak to their parents with rudeness, & now sullen at their rebukes, behave in their presence as if they deserved no attention, hear them speak without noticing them, and rather ridicule than honor them. There are many children at the present day, who think more highly of themselves than of their elders; who think that their own wishes are first to be gratified; who abuse the condescension and kindness of their parents, and treat them as servants rather than superiors.

Beware, my young friends, lest you grow up with this assuming and selfish spirit. Regard your parents as kindly given you by God, to support, direct, and govern you in your present state of weakness and inexperience. Express your respect for them in your manner and conversation. Do not neglect those outward signs of dependence and inferiority which suit your age. You are young, and you should therefore take the lowest place, and rather retire than thrust yourselves forward into notice. You have much to learn, and you should therefore hear instead of seeking to be heard. You are dependent, and you should therefore ask instead of demanding what you desire, and you should receive every thing from your parents as a favor and not as a debt. I do not mean to urge upon you a slavish fear of your parents. Love them and love them ardently; but mingle a sense of their superiority with your love. Feel a confidence in their kindness; but let not this confidence make you rude and presumptuous, and lead to indecent familiarity. Talk to them with openness and freedom; but never contradict with violence; never answer with passion or contempt.

The Scriptures say, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother." "The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall

pluck out, and the young ravens shall eat it." The sacred history teaches us, that when Solomon, on his throne saw his mother approaching him, he rose to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for her on his right hand. Let this wise and great king teach you to respect your parents.

Secondly, You should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak, nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth & perished. Observe with attention the infants, which you so often see, and consider that a little while ago you were as feeble as they are; you were only a burden & a care, and you had nothing, with which you could repay your parents' affection. But did they forsake you? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries! When you were sick, how tenderly & they hang over you! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state; and what do you now possess, which you have not received from their hands? God indeed is your great parent, your best friend, and from him every good gift descends; but God is pleased to bestow every thing upon you through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude? What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude; who, instead of requiring his best friend by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires? My young friends, your parents' hearts have acted enough for you already; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness. Do you ask how you may best express these feelings of respect and gratitude, which have been enjoined? In answer, I would observe,

Thirdly, That you must make it your study to obey your parents to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honor and love. Yet how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents; refusing to comply with absolute commands; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike; and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying, because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment. Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God, who has given you parents, that they may control your passions and train you up in the way you should go. Consider how much better they can decide for you than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at every thing which promises you pleasure; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin, without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations your health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burthenome to yourselves. Submit then cheerfully to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove then your sense of their goodness by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain. Do not expect that your parents are to give up every thing to your wishes; but study to give up every thing to theirs. Do not wait for them to threaten; but when a look tells you what they want, fly to perform it. This is the way in which you can best reward them for all their pains and labors. In this way you will make their houses pleasant and cheerful. But if you are disobedient, perverse and stubborn, you will be unpleasing to yourselves, and will make all around you unhappy. You will make home a place of contention, noise and anger; and your best friends will have reason to wish that you had never been born. A disobedient child almost always grows up ill-natured and disobliging to all with whom he is connected. None love him, and he has no heart to love any but himself. If you would be amiable in your temper and manner, and desire to be beloved, let me advise you to begin life with giving up your wills to your parents.

Fourthly, You must further express your respect, affection and gratitude by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make some return for the kindness they receive. Every day you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children, who in early life have been great supports to their sick, poor, and helpless parents. This is the most honorable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves to be unwilling to do any thing for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your amusements take such hold of your minds, as to make you slothful, backward and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents. Some children seem to think that they have nothing to seek but their own pleasure. They will run from every task which is imposed on them; and leave their parents to want many comforts, rather than expose themselves to a little trouble. But consider, had they loved you no better than you love them, how wretched would have been your state! There are some children, who not only refuse to exert themselves for their parents, but add very much to their cares, give them unnecessary trouble, and by carelessness, by wasting, by extravagance, help to keep them in poverty and trial. Such children, as they grow up, instead of seeking to provide for themselves, generally grow more and more burdensome to their friends, and lead useless

lives. My young friends, you should be ashamed, after having given your parents so much pain, to multiply their cares and labors unnecessarily. You should learn, very early, to be active in pleasing them, and active in doing what you can for yourselves. Do not waste all your spirits upon play; but learn to be useful. Perhaps the time is coming, when your parents will need as much attention from you, as you have from them; and you should endeavor to form such industrious habits, that you may render their last years as happy, as they have rendered the first years of your existence.

Fifthly, You should express your respect for your parents and your sense of their kindness and superiority, by placing unreserved confidence in them. This is a very important part of your duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is so ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake any thing, ask their consent. Never begin any thing in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on, from one step to another, invent falsehoods, to practice artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children, he is the worst, who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but, as soon as they have turned away, does what they have forbidden. Whatever else you do, never deceive. Let your parents always learn your faults from your own lips; and be assured they will never love you the less for your openness and sincerity.

Lastly, You must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good and happy forever. I hope, my young friends, that you have parents who truly care, not only of your bodies, but your souls; who instruct you in your duty, who talk to you of your God and Saviour, who teach you to pray and to read the Scriptures, and who strive to give you such knowledge, and bring you up in such habits, as will lead you to usefulness on earth, and to happiness in heaven. If you have not, I can only pity you: I have little hope that I can do good by what I have here said. But if your parents are faithful in instructing and guiding you, you must prove your gratitude to them and to God, by listening respectfully and attentively to what they say; by shunning the temptations of which they warn you; and by walking in the paths they mark out before you. You must labor to answer their hopes and wishes, by improving in knowledge; by being industrious at school; by living peacefully with your companions; by avoiding all profane and wicked language; by fleeing bad company; by treating all persons with respect; by being kind and generous and honest, and by loving and serving your Father in heaven. This is the happiest and most delightful way of repaying the kindness of your parents. Let them see you growing up with amiable tempers and industrious habits; let them see you delighting to do good, and learning to offend God; and they will never think you have been a burden. Their fears and anxieties about you will give place to brighter views. They will hope to see you prosperous, respected and beloved in the present world. But if in this they are to be disappointed, if they are soon to see you stretched on the bed of sickness and death, they will still smile amidst their tears, and be comforted by the thought that you are the children of God, and that you are going to a Father, that loves you better than they. If, on the contrary, you slight and despise their instructions, and suffer your youth to run waste, you will do much to embitter their happiness and shorten their days. Many parents have gone to the grave broken hearted by the ingratitude, perverseness, impurity and licentiousness of their children. My young friends, listen seriously to parental admonition. Beware, lest you pierce with anguish that breast on which you have so often leaned. Beware, lest by early contempt of instruction, you bring yourselves to shame and misery in this world, and draw on your heads still heavier ruin in the world beyond the grave.

Children, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honor your father and mother. Ever cling to them with confidence and love. Be to them an honor, an ornament, a source, and a support. Be more than they expect, and if possible be all that they desire. To you they are now looking with an affection which trembles for your safety. So live, that their eyes may ever fix on you with beams of hope and joy. So live, that the recollection of you may be the their last hours. May you now walk by their side in the steps of the holy Saviour and through his grace may you meet again in a better and happier world. Amen.

WISDOM.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.—Prov. iii. 17.

That wisdom which leads young people to seek the knowledge and love of God, and to walk in the ways of practical piety, is the principal thing. The happiness it affords should lead them to diligence in seeking it. The thoughtless and dissipated discover no beauty, no loveliness in the way of piety; although its ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths are peace. The practice of piety conduces to health of body, to peace of mind, to social comfort; it adds a loveliness, and gives a charm to all the comforts of life; it is attended with safe and comfortable hopes of heaven; it sooths the sorrows of sickness, pain and losses; it extracts the sting of death; and banishes the dread of the grave; it presents the most just and lovely views of the excellencies of the character, the justice of his government, and felicities of his children. Those who walk in this way, the exercise of faith, prayer, and watchfulness, are enamored of its beauties. They can testify that Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less.

PRECONCIEVED OPINION. We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them.

Trace with a rigid exactness the golden dictates of your own conscience, and thou wilt have no cause to regret; for by taking council of the heart, we are drawn near the line of duty.—And what can counterbalance the cheering smile of self-approbation?

This day we make it a point that the right of search in time of peace is a delicate subject. In time of war it is claimed by belligerents as a measure of self preservation, and is sanctioned by the laws and the consent of all maritime powers in reference to finding and capturing those neutrals engaged in a contraband trade, or in other words a trade of military stores to one of the parties in hostility. To extend this right between nations holding at the time pacific relations even by compact, would be wrong, except under those guards which would constitute an insuperable barrier to abuse. Mr. Adams at the time when he objected to the concession of the right of search, proposed by Great Britain, entertained this opinion; but at the same time he urged that the slave trade ought to be condemned by the legislative codes of all nations as piratical, and that the right I have mentioned, together with that of capture, would then become a part of international law. Great Britain, imitating our example, did make the trade piratical, and hence the objection to the treaty was deemed by him to be removed.

No other remedy than that proposed can be available. This opinion is confirmed by the concurrent authority of all who have attended to the subject. In the case of the French slave ship *de Louis*, Sir William Scott gave his celebrated decision against the right of search in time of peace, but he admits that, if it be not conceded, it will be extremely difficult to suppress the traffic in slaves.

In the conferences between the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia held at London in 1818, Lord Castlereagh advanced the proposition, that it was proved beyond a doubt, that "unless the right to visit vessel", engaged in this illicit traffic, should be established by the same being mutually conceded between the maritime States, the illicit slave trade must, in time of peace, not only continue to subsist, but to increase."

The enlightened cabinet of the Emperor of Russia proposed, at the conferences at Aix la Chapelle, an association of all Christian States for the abolition of the slave trade, and the formation of an institution on the coast of Africa, having the right of visit and detention, as the means of fulfilling the end. The conferences at Aix la Chapelle did not eventuate in measures so efficient as the common pledge given by the sovereigns of Europe at the Congress of Vienna had promised to the world; and the result proves how little credit is to be given to compacts, to a compliance with which interest or prejudice is opposed.

It is to be hoped that the Alfred writer, who seems to think all criticism, not on the Senate, but on its doings, as denouncing the Senators of Maine, will present that able view of which he is capable, however free it may be from impartiality, which will not be exacted or expected. It is due to the sage and illustrious body which negotiated the treaty on account of a provision, the principle of which all Europe applauds, and the executive department, and, as I contend, the House of Representatives has approved, that some one should give an exposition of the weighty reasons which controlled the measure.

The offence of the slave trade is not the violation of property. It is worse than spoil, and rapine, and robbery. It is the privation, by violence, of liberty, often followed by the most cruel destruction of life. One third of the persons consigned to the slave ships are either poisoned by the pestilent air, tortured slowly to death by manacles and confinement, or killed by the agony of mental affliction on account of the extreme misery of their lot. When the *Havanna* was captured, of 530 slaves aboard, 120 had died. The mortality in the *Manella*, during her voyage from the river Bonny to the West Indies, amounted to 140 cases of 642 passengers. The *Gertrudes* was so crowded by 600 slaves, that 200 perished while the ship was yet on the African coast. The *Maria Primeira* lost 97 before she was captured and carried into Sierra Leone, and nearly 100 perished soon after, by diseases contracted on board. It is not necessary to extend the recital of these gloomy events, attested by most authentic testimony, or to detail the horrors exhibited in the slave ship. The imagination could not equal history, nor can it be in the power of man, by the aid of both one and the other, to do justice to the topic. The antecedent steps and the consequent evils of the slave trade are equally appalling. War in the first instance depopulates the most beautiful regions of the globe to find its victims, they are next consigned to the hands of merciless ruffians, and lastly sold in the public market, and they and all their posterity doomed to bondage. I forbear to attempt to draw any picture of the incidents of such crime, lest I should be deemed as appealing to feeling and not for cool and considerate reflection.

I will merely add a few general remarks to characterize this trade more fully, all supported by documents which will be produced if demanded.

The procuring the slave is either by means of a species of war which, by its desolating character, ruins the country where it is carried on, or by a corrupting traffic which makes the nearest connections commit the most unnatural treacheries and violences to each other. On the passage of the slave ships, terrible cruelties are practised to prevent rebellion. Fettters and manacles are applied, the slaves are crowded in the hold or between decks, food is most sparingly administered, medicine is withheld, and the sick are thrown overboard.

The disease producing blindness is apparently an epidemic, occasioned by the peculiar condition of the slave ship, and those who thus become worthless are disposed of in the same manner as the lifeless relics of mortality.

The despair of the slaves, separated from all that is dear, and enduring more than can be balanced against life itself, induces them to seek only to die, and to cast themselves into the sea, or plunge into eternity by any means they can command.

Such are a few only of those incidents which may be properly presented to a Christian people to speak for themselves in relation to the purposes and merits of the treaty referred to. On the whole, the evil is infinitely greater than all that war can inflict on civilized nations. It is the concentrated essence of the compound of all human miseries.

It has been asserted that the House of Representatives of the United States signified a concurrence of sentiment with those in the Senate who have refused to concede a qualified right of search. This assertion has the appearance of being well founded, and when made by one who had not carefully ascertained all the facts, he should be presumed to have made it without the design of misleading the community. Let us draw information from the fountain, and not from any polluted channels it may have passed through. During the session of 1823, in February, the House adopted by a vote, expressed by yeas and nays, there being only nine of the latter, the following resolution: "Resolved, that the President of the United States be requested to enter upon, and prosecute from time to time, such negotiations with the maritime powers of Europe and America, as he may deem expedient for the effectual abolition of the African slave trade, and its ultimate denunciation as piracy, under the laws of nations, by the consent of the civilized world." It would not be speaking rashly to call it absurd to deny this procedure to be a concession of the right of search in its most enlarged character, as far as related to the subject matter on which it was intended to operate; because constituting an act piracy under the laws of nations, involves the right of search, and imposes on the world the legitimate obligation to hunt the criminal on every wave, and to destroy him as the enemy of mankind.

A motion was once made in the House of Representatives, to amend a resolution by a provision to yield this right of search spoken of; and it is true it did not prevail; but it is also true that the friends of the concession did not urge the adoption of the motion, because it was considered as substantially embraced in the resolution itself. If any authority is desired for this assertion, let those who seek it apply to Mr. Mercer, who proposed the resolution, and they will obtain a confirmation of what I have said.

The ingenious writer for the Alfred Star, says "the House of Representatives refused even to consider the report on the President's message." The ingenious writer could only have omitted, by accident, to add, that the reason why it so refused was that there was no time to act on the subject after it was called up, it being of indispensable necessity to act on other business then pending.

On the whole there is no evidence to show that the House of Representatives disapproved of any procedure of the President, as to the right of search. On the other hand, it is certain that its proper committees have, for years, with great zeal and ability, urged the concession made in the convention with Great Britain. It is hoped that the Star, instead of reflecting so faint a light, will be illuminated by the brighter beams of truth, as it would be, if a part of those of our example, did make the trade piratical, and hence the objection to the treaty was deemed by him to be removed.

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Highbanded affair.—The *Arkansas Gazette* of the 5th February, gives the particulars of an extraordinary controversy between the Civil Authorities and a party of the U. S. troops in that territory. It appears that an officer who owed a citizen a debt, which he refused to pay, had his horse attached by a civil officer. Shortly after the horse was forcibly rescued from the civil officer by a detachment of the troops in Cantonment Towson. The civil officer, then raised the *passe*, retook the horse, and made prisoners of the troops. A reinforcement was then sent from the Cantonment, who released the prisoners from the civil guard set over them. This event will unquestionably arrest the attention of the government.

Have climates changed?—The thunder gush which passed over this city the last week, and which was accompanied in this hyperborean clime by a warm rain, is stated to have pouted down hail

stones in New-York as large as musket balls, and a Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, further South, hill which measured from three and a half to four inches in circumference. —*Boston Sentinel*, of the 26th ult.

BALTIMORE, March 22.—A child between four and five years old, the daughter of a poor woman on Fall's Point, was so severely burnt last evening by her clothes catching fire, that she expired in the course of the night. This is another sad warning to those who leave their children by themselves in a room with a fire. —*Pub.*

PENDLETON, (S. C.) March 2. On Friday, the 18th ult. the Gin-house, screw, and about 45,000 pounds of seed cotton, at the plantation of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, Vice President of the United States, in Abbeville district, were consumed by fire, occasioned by the friction of a whipping machine which had been lately erected, for the purpose of more thoroughly cleaning the cotton.

A melancholy circumstance occurred about six miles from this place on Tuesday last: Mr. Isaac Curry, a respectable and worthy citizen, went some distance from home for the purpose of digging coal, and ordered his son to follow him in a short time with the wagon. When his son arrived at the mouth of the pit, he saw nothing of his father; but observed a small heap of dirt caved in from the roof. On examining more closely, he observed the shovel handle sticking out through the dirt, which pulling out and removing some of the dirt, he found his father literally buried alive. Life was not quite extinct, when he was taken out, but medical aid proved useless. —*Buller Sen.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We are much obliged to "Teasel Thorburn," for his communication, and hope he may continue to favor us with the productions of his pen."

"We should be pleased to hear again from "Cimon," "M.," "Selim," and others."

"We would inform "Crito," that our columns are ready to receive his favors."

"The favor of "Oithona," is acknowledged; also those of "Orlando."

MARRIED.

In this town, by Simon Cummings, Esq. Mr. Josiah J. Knight, to Miss Sarah Ryerson.—Also, by Rev. James Hooper, Mr. Ezra Hammond, to Miss Betsey G. Towne.

In Turner, by Timothy Howe, Esq. Mr. Joshua House, to Miss Lucy B. Young.
In Summer, by Bathuel Carey, Esq. Mr. Washington Head, to Miss Elvira Allen.

DIED.

In Canton, 13th ult. Mr. Reuben Proctor, aged 73.
In Turner, 14th ult. Mr. Levi Merrill, aged 66; rejoicing in the belief of the final "restitution of all things, spoken of by the mouth of all God's holy Prophets since the world began," when (as he believed) the full ransomed family of man, will be gathered together in Christ, "and of every nation, kindred, and people under heaven."

WANTED

To take as an apprentice, a good boy, about 16 years of age, to work at the Blacksmith business; to whom a good chance will be given.

None need to apply but one that can come well recommended, and one of good habits.

ROBERT HILBOURN, 3d.

Hebron, April 2, 1825. 40 Sw.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post-Office, Paris; (Me.) April 1, 1825.

BASFORD JESSE, Brett Rufus, Blake Jos. Craft Moses, Cushman Levi, Conant Jos. Cotton William, Crawford, Dennett John, Dunnells, Ebenezer, Dunn Daniel, Farrow Thomas, Woodstock, Fuller Aaron, Jr. Frank Nancy, Faunce Barnabe, Goodenow R. K. 2, Goodenow A. K., Hutchins William, Holmes Ezekiel, Hamilton Jonas, 2, Knight Eliza, Lumber Luther, 2, Noyes William, Norton Tristan, Norris Cyrus B. Oxford Lodge, Secretary, Parsons Henry, R. 2, Pleasant Common, Clerk of, Parker Peirpont, Perkins Simon, Russell Olive, Rawson Orissa, Supreme Court, 2, Shaw Solomon, Straw David R. 2, Pond Simon, Sessions Court, Clerk, Usher Jefferson, Truit George F. Walker Clarendon, 2, Wellington Alfred, 2, Wheeler Noah.

(Persons calling for the above letters, will please mention they are advertised.) ASA BARTON, Assistant Post-Master.

FOR SALE.

At No. 3, Main Row, by the subscriber,

POTASH KETTLES,

of a superior quality from the New-Hampshire Iron Factory Company, (at Frattonia) which he offers for sale at a fair price and on liberal credit.

ALPHEUS SHAW.

Portland, March 24, 1825. 33

BUCKFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence Monday, the eighteenth day of April next. No pains will be spared that scholars may become thorough in the various branches to which they may attend.

March 14, 1825. 58 copSw.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of Messrs. Greeley & Bean, in Brownfield, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of April next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, and interest which JONATHAN STOREY, of said Brownfield, has in equity to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the homestead FARM, on which the said Storey now lives, situated in Brownfield aforesaid, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

DANIEL TYLER, Jr.

Deputy Sheriff.

Brownfield, March 10, 1825. 39

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of ANDREW BARROWS, late of Hartford, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we shall attend that service, at the school house near Joseph Soule, in said Hartford, on Saturday, the 17th day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M.

MOSES SAMPSON.

HOPESTILL BISBEE,

Commissioners.

March 7, 1825. 38

MACHINING CARDS.

ORACE LEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Building, has just received a consignment of Machining Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Leicester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Otters for any quantity executed at short notice.

Feb. 15.—ff 24

VANITY

IN ME.

I love to hear, at mournful eve,
The Hengham's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darksome homeward lane
When all is hushed and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And leaving all behind so drear,
Approach our pleasant home.

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street,
Where resound the blazing fire,
The cheerful household meet!

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own—
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on—
And think upon the dreary way,
And traveller alone,

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still repeated from each tongue—
"How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat,
With heartfelt, social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth.

THE DESTRUCTION AT PEPSYSCOT FALLS.

The Androscoggin river issues from a chain of Lakes in the North Western part of the State of Maine, bearing the same relation to its stream, as do the inland seas of our Canadian boundary, to the majestic stream of the St. Lawrence. Seeking a passage to the ocean, it pours out in a direction towards the West.—Then it turns South and pursues a direct course till it meets a mountain barrier, when it again changes its channel, flowing Eastward for the distance of nearly fifty miles, between ranges of hills which close down upon its path, leaving only space enough for the stream and the intervals. At length, it finds an outlet among the mountains, and after traversing a long extent of country and scattering fertility along its banks, joins its tributary waters to those of the sea. But, this circuitous course is impeded by many obstructions. Near the present village of Lewiston, the waters are precipitated over a mass of rocks, stretched across the channel. They do not rush in one broad and unbroken sheet over the edge, but tumbling from ledge to ledge, are dashed into foam, and rainbows are painted on the spray rising from their commotion. Here was a scene of remarkable desolation to the savages, and this the spot of the entire destruction of a once flourishing nation.

The Rockemego tribe, (if we do not misremember the name) were formerly settled many miles above these Falls. The site of their settlement was chosen with admirable taste and judgment. The wild plain receded from the margin of the River, and spread into a rich and beautiful interval. The fertility of the alluvial soil, exhausted by the luxuriant growth of the maize, was restored and revived by the deposits of the annual floods. The stream glided tranquilly by, with a clear and gentle current, and supplied with food those whose wigwams were on its borders. The rude implements of agriculture, the vessels of culinary art, and the bones of the former tenants and owners of the land are frequently disinterred in the places of their ancient habitation. In this situation the tribe was established. Remote from the scene of that warfare, waged by their countrymen against the White intruders in the Eastern country, they had shared little in the adventures of the contest, and had escaped from its devastating effects. Their strength was reserved for an enterprise destined to be fatal in its termination.

The irritation that prevailed among the red men, and prompted them taking up the war hatchet, had extended to the warriors of this retired clan. About the year 1660 an expedition was projected against the village of Brunswick, then in its infancy. Apprised of its feeble and almost defenceless state, the savages justly expected that it would fall an easy prey to their overpowering force. To the keen desire of revenge, was added the hope of a rich plunder, and so firm was their confidence, that they resolved to abandon their own settlement, while they paid a bloody visit to the white planters. After celebrating according to olden custom, the rites to propitiate the malignant deities they worshipped, they embarked themselves and their families in their canoes. Their furniture, and their simple riches were deposited in places of safety and concealment, and the men, the women and the children were floated down the stream. The shadows of evening fell upon the River before they arrived at the Falls. They sent two of their company forward to kindle fires upon the shore just above the rocks, that they might rest during the night, to recruit their strength for the morning work of destruction. From mistake, or treachery, or for some un-told reason, the fires were lighted below, and the blaze gleamed up among the Pines at the foot of the descent.—The fleet came on, and deceived by the signal, the warriors were carried into the swift current, where no human power could save, before the error was discovered. A resistless tide bore them onward, and they had scarce time to raise the death song, before the fearless warriors, and the timid females, the young and the old, the strong and the weak, were huddled over the cataract.—The pride and the population of a whole tribe perished from existence, and the cries of agony

were lost in the uproar of the waters. The lifeless corps of the destroyers were borne on the waves of their native river, by that town, they had devoted to spoil and to the flames, and its inhabitants had abundant cause of gratitude to that ever-vigilant Providence which had interposed to preserve them from murder or from a hopeless captivity. Of all who went forth with the certainty of success, save the two who occasioned the disaster, none escaped to tell the tale of ruin.

The reverend Historians of the period have not given any account of this event in their annals. It rests upon the authority of traditions, preserved in the neighborhood of its occurrence; and if any fact can be established by the multitude of those who testify for its truth, or confirmed by corroborating evidence, this may be received as certain.

On the hills near the Falls, there once were large and populous settlements. These were surprised and exterminated by the English soldiers. On the field of slaughter the bones of the slain are often ploughed up, and military implements of curious workmanship, rusted and broken, are frequently discovered. The marks of the fires of their camps are still visible, and shells, the remains of former feasts, are strewed around.—*National Elegy.*

From the Adventures of Hajji Baba.

In the reign of Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad, a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal.—He was so famous for a steady hand and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head and trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad, who did not employ him, and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head, whose master was not at least a *Bey* or *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad, and as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutter brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass : Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words : "for all the wood that is on the ass."—The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber ; "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain—that was our agreement." "How," said the other in amazement, "whoever heard of such a bargain : is it possible?" In short, after many words and much altercation the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the Cadi, and stated his griefs ; the Cadi was one of the barber's customers and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter applied to a higher Judge ; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the Mufti himself, who having pondered over the question, whilst he sipped half a dozen cups of coffee and smoked as many pipes, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran, and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened, but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph in person, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The Caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called into his presence. When he had approached the Caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground, and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. "Friend," said the Caliph, "the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words ; the former must have its course, or it is nothing ; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man ; therefore the barber must keep all his wood ; but—" then calling the wood-cutter close to him the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he and a companion of his, from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand ; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by a halter. "This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him." "Shave him?" exclaimed the barber, "is the greatest surprise ; it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehannum* ; and forthwith drove them out of the shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, and related his case. "It is well," said the commander of the Faithful, "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant"—he exclaimed to one of his officers ; and the barber soon stood before him. Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph to the barber ; "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agree-

ment ; but who ever made a companion of an ass before ? or who ever thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the Caliph, "but at the same time, who ever thought of fastening upon a pack-saddle being included in load of wood ? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a large quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave it in presence of the Caliph and of the Court, while he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Baghdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the Commander of the Faithful.

From the Grafton Journal.

ART OF PRINTING.

Among the many noble works of man, the multiplicity of his inventions, and the peculiar facility for searching into "things unseen," the invention of printing is second to none of them. There are many things worth striving for, but knowledge is the basis on which man must rest his hopes. Let a man be destitute of knowledge, and surely, he may with propriety be called ignorant. It is for the want of knowledge, that the Savage of the forest is prone to the machinations of fancy-led to the worship of idols, and to form such romantic ideas of the Deity. Being destitute of books, whose authors have recorded the transactions of ages, and treated upon the phenomenon of nature, he has no guide to direct him in the path of virtue, and to the felicity in which man can participate, by a strict observance of the duties of religion. There might be, it is true, many ways and means instituted to facilitate man in the advancement of literature. But what could substitute the art of printing ? What will render his progress more easy ? This must be decided by experience—that is, live in a country where printing is unknown, and where a printed book never made its appearance.

When we contemplate the natural genius of man, the faculty with which the Almighty has endowed him to act for himself—and the ability invested him with, it would appear somewhat strange to us that the art of printing should have remained so long undiscovered—that centuries should roll around and yet Man should not invent some speedy remedy to aid the progress of Literature, and polish the manners of the unlearned.—That he should so long be obliged to consume the "midnight oil" in pouring over his illegible manuscript, when the fair, visible print, would so much contribute to the ease of his reading.

From authentic accounts, printing was invented by L. Koster, at Harlaem, in Holland, in the year 1440. It has received great improvement within a century, and great improvements are still making ; and we have reason to believe, for a century to come, what is now called "beautiful print," will appear as inferior as the printing a century ago does when compared with this at the present day.

The encouragement of the Press cannot be too extensively solicited—for from it issues the "rights of man"—the works of Poets—the labors of historians, and the news of the times. How could the Bible, the sure guide to felicity, be circulated, were it not for the invention of printing ? Where are millions in circulation now, undoubtedly there would not be ten : and indeed could it be circulated in manuscript there would be many incapable of reading, and vast many unable to purchase it because of the great price which it necessarily must cost. But by the means of printing a book of six hundred pages can be afforded for the small sum of two dollars ; and a thousand copies in the same proportion. Thus it is that printing facilitates the labor of man, and lessens the expense for knowledge.—And it is by the invention of printing that the world is so amply furnished with books. All classes can be accommodated with the book that suits their fancy. News-papers, Magazines, and Pamphlets are circulated through all countries and contain information for the religious, the profane, the poet, the historian, the agriculturist, and the mechanic.—The weary Farmer,

"Robust with labor, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty or life."

returns home at eve, cheered by the happy circle of his family, and while revelling in the felicity of domestic conversation, espies the *News-Boy* at his door, bearing the object of his wishes—the news-paper ; in this he finds subjects for conversations and secret ruminations : in this he learns whether nations are at war or peace : who is the best man for office, and who fills it with integrity : what are the most useful methods for agriculture, and what subserves the interests of nations, &c. &c.

"Enter minutely into the utility of printing, and give a particular account of its invention, would occupy too much room in your paper, and exceed the bounds I limited myself when I commenced writing—but all have a sense of its importance and therefore little need be said to prove it.

Green Monkeys of South America.—An English officer, serving in the Colombian army gives the following particulars of the Green Monkeys of South America. By night the trees were visited by groups of green monkeys, who kept up such horrid chattering as prevented our enjoying a single moment's repose until day, when we were beset by immense flocks of parrots, parakeets and macaws, more noisy than our nocturnal visitors. I had an opportunity of witnessing the ingenuity and cunning of the Indian guides, one who proposed to rid us of the monkeys provided he got a handsome penknife as a reward. He went outside the trees with a

bottle, in which he put some peas : putting down his fingers now and then, he took out some which he ate with seeming satisfaction ; leaving a few strewn around, he retired ; and the monkeys who are very minute in their observation of man's actions, descended very cautiously, and having found some of the peas, a quarrel ensued ; but one, more crafty than the rest, peeped into the bottle, and determined to secure a good handful, thrust down his hand, and filling it set up a titter, as he found he could not withdraw his hand. The Indian now ran and secured him, and all the tribe fled from branch to branch in evident agitation.—Part of an old red jacket being procured, all hands went to work to make him a new suit of clothes, and, after being dressed, he was let loose in the branc's among his astonished companions, who collected round him, and, gazing on him with curiosity for about five minutes, a busy scene ensued ; the other monkeys plucking branches and flogging the soldier monkey, who jumped from branch to branch, pursued by the whole commonwealth of monkeys, until they were out of sight. Thus the Indian rid us of those pests.

We daily saw different tribes, perhaps three tribes of different colors in one day ; some were very mischievous, throwing pistachios, limes and other fruits, at us. Our women rode on donkeys, one of which getting tired, and as beating would not make him go, he was abandoned ; the monkeys, as usual, were attentive spectators, and seeing the donkey left, they descended to have a ride ; three or four dozen mounted together, on his ears, neck and every other part, and even two clung to his tail, while the others whipped and scratched him. The donkey frightened by his novel treatment acquired new speed, and began cantering, while his pursuers as nimblly pried him until he came up to our rear, braying. The monkeys now abandoned him, so dreadfully scratched and torn, that he never attempted to stop afterwards.

ANECDOTAL.

Consolation.—The Captain of an English vessel once sailed from Cadiz with a number of passengers on board, and among the rest a Frenchman, who very anxiously expressed his fear lest the ship should be taken by the cruisers which at that time infested those seas, and many of them were of superior force. "Don't alarm yourself, my worthy," said the British tar, "for before I'd suffer my ship to fall into their hands, I'd blow her up in the air."

A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, "just like this" and departed. The gentleman astonished, asked the meaning of this ; the statuary answered, "the lady has employed me to make the figure of the devil, and as I had no model she promised to bring me one."

It is said the celebrated Dr. Mitchell, one day travelling in the stage, and happening to be the only passenger, was very sociable with the driver, asking him many questions, some of which were by the driver considered rather philosophical and a little puzzling. The "knight of the whip in turn, put the following question to the learned doctor : "Why, Sir, do white sheep eat more than black sheep?" "Indeed?" said the doctor, "I was not aware they did ;" but he was proceeding in a philosophical manner to account for the difference, by supposing the white sheep had less oil in their fleeces than the black sheep. "You are not right, Sir," said John. "Iray, my friend, said the doctor, after a few minutes' reflection, "can you tell?" "I can, Sir ; there are millions of them!"

Anecdote.—(From a Jamaica Paper.)—During the war (1759) a sailor went to Mr. McLaren, a watchmaker, who then resided in King-street, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repairs of it would come to. Mr. McLaren reviewing it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "I don't mind that," said the tar, "I will give even double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch!" "What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker. "Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it, and if you will repeat it I will give you two."

Sporting Anecdote.—Some sportsmen in Cumberland, having come to that part of the chase which is called a *check*, inquired of a country lad if he had seen the hare go that way. After grinning and scratching his head, he asked, "Did you do a check ? Yes, (eagerly) Had the long legs ? Yes, yes, (impatiently) Did the big ears ? Yes, yes, yes, (violently) Did the hair tail ? Yes—have you seen her ? No, no, hasn't seen her.

A young sea nymph of Folkestone, England, whose father obtained a livelihood by ploughing the tritzy deep, was naked in October last, if she knew the season of the year. The girl very readily replied— "Yes, there are four—the Michael Season, the Whiting Season, the Herring Season, and the Trouting Season."

Dean Swift being once on a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night ; in the morning, the Dean called for his boots, the servant took them to him uncleaned. "How is this, Tom ? said he, my boots are not cleaned." "No, Sir," said Tom, "as you were going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," returned the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready, and on being told they were, desired Tom to bring them. "I have not yet had my breakfast, sir," said Tom. "No matter for that, said the Dean, (pointing at his dirty boots.)" "If you had, you would soon be hungry again."

A Sporting Fandal.—An anecdote is related of the late Mr. Ward, of Gloucestershire, a justice of the peace, and a great sportsman, who when attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare, which he immediately threw down his cloak and other incumbrances, and hallooing to his greyhounds, who were the constant attendants on all his sports, pursued his game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted. "Come, Go, the meat," said he, "let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met."

Oxygen and Hydrogen.—A pedant being called upon to define these two gases, replied that oxygen was pure gas, and hydrogen gas and water.

VOLUME I.

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